

The Lovers Joy and Grief, Or, A Young-mans Relation, in a pittiful fashion. Being from his Love hindred, by Locks, Bolts, and Kindred. To the Tune of Young men and Maids.



Amongst the nine, of *Symphs* divine
that haunt the forked mountain:
If any will, bring me a quill
dipt in *Castalia's* fountain.

He shew in brief, my joy and grief
and her due praises render:
To whom I would, come if I could
but locks and bolts do hinder.

My joy, in that I had the fate
to chuse so rare a jewel,
My grief in this, that she my bli's
is kept by kindred cruel
Out of my sight, which day and night
doth pierce my heart so tender,
'Tis she to whom, I fain would come
but locks and bolts, &c.

She is a Lasse that doth surpass
her neighbours round about her:
Her worth is such, it grieves me much
to live so long without her:
With strong desire, in *Cupids* fire
my heart burns to a cinder.
I would posses my happinesse
but locks, &c.

As *Phisbe* fair by *Parents* care
from *Pyramus* was hidden,
So she to come abroad from home
is earnestly forbidden:

She dare not stir, nor I to her
so closely they have pin'd her
She would come out, I make no doubt
but locks, &c.

As *Danae* was, i'th *Tower* of brasse
inclosed by her father
So shee (my sweet) lest we should meet
art kept more closely rather
Yet as great *Jove* got to his love
though walls did comprehend her,
So I did hope to have free scope
but locks, &c.

I'th interim I, most patiently
expect that happy season,
I dare not think, that she will shrink
for in truth I have no reason:
I find that she is true to me
in that I must commend her:
She would not be, so long from me
but locks, &c.

It grieves my heart, to think what smart
(poor creature) she endureth,
What means her kindred use to win
her heart wth such she assureth
Is fired fast, while life doth last
no policy can bind her,
To any course love hath such force
but locks and bolts do hinder.

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She hath tis true, to speak whats due
 too great a Marriage portion :
 This may I vow, for Cupid now
 is bent into extortion :
 I would therefore, her friends were poor,
 or else in heart more tender ;
 For poor or rich, wed go through stritch
 but locks and bolts do hinder.

Although my self want worldly pelf
 unto their expectation,
 Yet if I may the truth display,
 without any ostentation ;
 My birth & parts, and due deserts,
 are not so weak and slender ;
 But that I might, earn any delight
 though locks, &c.

Were I a Prince of eminence
 and she a Peasants daughter,
 Had she more, of Learnings store
 then what wise nature taught her ;
 Her peerlesse face and inward grace
 shew in my heart such splendor
 She mine should be, the like sayes she
 but locks, &c.

It is not her pelf, but her sweet self,
 that I in heart do covet :
 Necessity, let wealth supply
 for nothing else I love it :
 Her only love, is that doth move
 my heart and make it tender :
 I mourn in grief, without relief
 but locks, &c.

No ease of mind, at all I find
 but only this assurance :
 That my dear wench will never stinch
 though she be kept in durance ;
 She hath her share of woe and care,
 for which I must commend her,
 On me she hath bestowed her faith,
 though locks, &c.

Continue still in thy good will,
 thou Paragon of beauty -
 And I to thee as true will be
 so am I bound in duty :
 Though fortune frown, yet the renown
 of our affections tender,
 Abroad is shewn, we two are one
 though locks, &c.

With patience well expect to feel
 the fruit of all this sorrow :
 Though sorrow may, endure this day
 I shall have joy to morrow :
 In the mean while, I in exile
 will be thy true defender
 And spread thy name, which is my claim
 though locks, &c.

Oh cruel fate, expire the date
 of two dear Lovers trouble,
 If once our grief, do find relief
 our joyes will then be double :
 And all our tears our cares and fears
 will to our names add splendor,
 Thy heart is mine, and mine is thine
 though locks and bolts do hinder.